

Investment 100 for 1



Piously folding their little hands together, every day these dear little ones ask their protectress, the *Little Flower*, to shower heavenly roses on their benefactors who give them bread.

At St. Charles Orphanage Africa, there are over a hundred of them who have but one fault: that of having a *ferocious appetite*.



Bread
for my Lambs
please

Bread for an orphan for a month \$1.00.....for a year \$10.00

Several Good Ways to Help the Missionary Sisters



The perpetual adoption of a Missionary Sister.....	\$2,500.00
The annual adoption of a Missionary Sister.....	125.00
To support a dispensary for a year.....	40.00
The annual adoption of a child in one of the Sisters' orphanages	40.00
To ransom a woman or young girl for a Catholic marriage	20.00
Provide bread for a child, monthly.....	1.00
To build a hut for a patient in Central Africa.....	10.00
To support a leper in a hut for a month.....	2.00
To clothe a girl so that she may go to school for a year	5.00
To keep a sanctuary lamp burning for a month.....	1.00

Spiritual Favors and Advantages

All those who help the missions in one way or another will share in the Masses, prayers, and good works offered up daily by the Missionaries and the natives for their Benefactors.

Three Masses are celebrated every month for the intentions of the Benefactors.

Special Favors Granted to the Members of the Guilds

1. A plenary indulgence following the Ordinary Conditions:
 - (a) The day they join the Guild.
 - (b) On the following feasts: Immaculate Conception, St. Augustine, St. Monica, St. Peter and St. Francis Xavier.
2. Masses said for them after their death at no matter what Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if they had been celebrated at a privileged altar.

Persons who would like to avail themselves of these privileges, by becoming members of one of these Guilds may apply to either of the following Promoters, who will be pleased to furnish the necessary information:

Miss Helen Boland, 35 Madison Avenue, Jersey City.
Mrs. Roman Smith, Jr., South River, New Jersey.



RECOMMENDATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE BISHOP OF TRENTON, N. J.

Dear Reverend Mother:

I am indeed pleased to recommend most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. You are laboring in your own quiet way, and in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI, gloriously reigning, solely that Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may be better known and better loved by those for whom he gave His life on the Cross that all men might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Any assistance given you will be rewarded by the Saviour Himself, who has promised: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." I am sure such a labor of love needs no further commendation to the good priests and faithful people of the Diocese of Trenton.

Wishing you every blessing in your noble work. I beg to remain,
Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ MOSES T. KILEY,
Bishop of Trenton.

July 24, 1934.

For information apply to Rev. Mother Superior, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



Published and edited with ecclesiastical approbation bi-monthly by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, N. J.

Subscription One Dollar a Year

Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office at Metuchen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



PEACE on EARTH to MEN of GOOD WILL

The peace of Christ be with you! May the joys and blessings of the sweet Babe of Bethlehem flood your soul on Christmas Day.

We wish to extend this wish to our Benefactors, to the members of the different Guilds and all who are valiantly working to help the Missions.

There at the foot of the Manger let us kneel to pray for mankind, let us remember for the pagan world that it may come to know and to love Christ and that the thousands of missionaries who are at work in fields afar may be strengthened and encouraged to carry on their work.

A BLESSED MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



The Servant of God: Guy de

PARIS saw the birth of this predestined child on November 30, 1913. He was baptized by the Most Reverend de Gibergues, Bishop of Valence, in St. Augustine's Church and received the names of Guy, Peter, Emmanuel. From his birth he was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. Even before he could walk, he sent kisses



Guy de Fontgalland

towards Heaven whenever he heard someone speak of God. Later, when a little brother came into the family hearth to share his life, he taught him the sign of the cross and how to send kisses to the pictures of the Child Jesus. He was then three years old, a giddy, restless, light-hearted child, eager and quite lively. Upright, frank, loyal, he was never afraid to admit to his own short-comings, even when he foresaw that he would be scolded and punished.

Later, a few days before his death he will be able to say: "I never lied." Very intelligent and precocious, interesting himself about all things around him, tenderly affectionate, he was the joy of his parents.

During 1917, Guy was taken to Lisieux and whilst he prayed at the tomb of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, he breathed a mysterious fragrance. On the following year, for the first time he took part, with his brother, in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, scattering flowers before "the Little Jesus". On that night, after his prayer, Guy said to his mother: "It is beautiful to escort the 'Good God' but I would much prefer to receive Him." This was the first desire expressed by him to receive Holy Communion—and he was hardly five years of age.

After a stay in Dauphine (Southeastern France) when the Germans were shelling the Capital, Guy returned to Paris and began his schooling; he studied Christian Doctrine with eagerness and in two months he had learned to read and to write. He already evinced a pronounced attraction towards the ceremonies of the Church and followed the prayers of the Mass in his own Missal with attention, regretting that he had not yet learned Latin to enable him to follow the priest and say the same words. He loved to be present at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament: the Sacred Host in the monstrance, the flowers, the candles, the singing, all enraptured him. He often said that it was not beautiful enough for the "Good Jesus".

To prepare for his first Holy Communion, which he made at the age of seven, he offered the "Good Jesus" one hundred and eighteen little sacrifices during the preceding month and made earnest efforts to control his dispositions too lively at times. Already an apostle, he used to say to his companions: "Ask your mamma to allow you to make your Holy Communion, like me, at seven . . . insist on it . . . tell her that you would like very much to receive the Little Jesus; also that since the Pope wants it, we must do it, we must do it! . . ."

It was on Trinity Sunday, May 22, 1921, that Guy united

himself for the first time with His Lord. In this sweet meeting Jesus gazed at Guy. . . . He loved Him . . . and decided to keep for Himself alone that exquisite little flower. "O my dear little Jesus," said the child, "I love You more than anything else! . . . To prove it, I will leave all things for You; I will be a priest." Jesus answered him: "And I also, love you, my little, pure lily; you will not be my priest but my angel I will take you soon with me in Heaven. . . . You will die young."

All that day, Guy was full of joy at the thought of the "Sweet Meeting" of the morning and of the news of his speedy going to Heaven, but he did not make his secret known; he was afraid to sadden his mother's heart. He will do so only on his deathbed, three years afterwards. By this filial delicacy of sentiment, he showed his heroic make-up. Henceforth, knowing that he "would die young," Guy rapidly changed his ways. He, so spright and gay, so full of life, becomes serious, gradually detaching his heart from the transitory things of earth and accustoming himself to the thought of death. "What reason should I have to cling to things of earth which are not for me?" This explains the little interest he showed in his studies. Grace worked in his soul and already his heart lived in Heaven where with "his little Jesus" whom he received very frequently and with an ever increasing love. Jesus and little Guy understood each other so well!

. . . "What do you do during your thanksgivings?" he was asked one day. "Jesus speaks to me . . . I listen to Him and I relish Him," he answered.

His devotion toward the Blessed Virgin was great. He loved and venerated her pictures. He was falling asleep with his beads wound around his fingers reciting Hail Marys. He had two pair of beads: one for the day, which he kept in his pocket when not in use, the other for the night, which he kept by his bed. Every year, during May, the month of his Mamma of Heaven, he surrounded a statue of the Blessed Virgin in his room with fresh flowers, miniature candles, and every night before retiring, he would recite with his brother, a decade of the beads. "The Blessed Mother," said he, "is better than all the other mothers combined! O mamma, you are the first in my heart after Jesus and His Mamma!"

To these great devotions of the Holy Eucharist and of the Blessed Mother, Guy added a third: love for our Holy Father, the Pope, a devotedness traditional in the family. He loved especially the saintly Pope, Pius X, who had permitted little children to receive Holy Communion early in life. He dreamed of going to Rome to see His Holiness, Pope Pius XI and testify his love for the reigning Pontiff.

When eight years old, on October 4, 1921, Guy was entered at the St. Aloysius Gonzaga School on Franklin Street, Paris. He chose for his chums the most exemplary

*Make a present to
your friends of a sub
Messenger of Our
for the coming year*

193

de Fontgalland (1913-1925)

pupils and his meekness, modesty, simplicity and charity readily made of him a favorite among the boys. Never was he heard to utter an uncharitable word or remark against any one, and never held a grudge. Inclined to easy-going ways, he made real efforts to correct this defect to please "his Good Jesus" who was asking him for this sacrifice.

At the death of his paternal grandfather, in 1923, he said: "I will join him soon. . . . Newspapers say much about him. . . . When I am dead, they will also write things about me. . . ." In July, 1924, the Count and the Countess de Fontgalland took their two sons to Lourdes. Guy went several times alone to the Grotto. Mary told him: "I will come soon to take you; from the arms of your mamma you will pass to those of your Mamma of Heaven. . . . You will go straight to Heaven. . . . You will die on a Saturday." At this time also the child kept to himself the secret which was but the confirmation and the announcement of the early realization of the first.

On his return from Lourdes, Guy became more pious, more devout toward the Blessed Virgin. In October, 1924, he began to prepare himself for his first Solemn Communion and Confirmation. On November 30, his eleventh birthday was fittingly celebrated; but during the night preceding the eighth of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Guy was stricken with the disease which was to carry him away. Every means available was resorted to for his cure: much prayer and assiduous care. . . . Calling his mother, he embraced her with great tenderness and revealed to her his twofold secret. For a month and a half, the sickness went on with ups and downs. By his piety and courage, Guy astonished those around him. They were saying: "He is too good for earth! the angel is going! . . ." On Saturday, January 24, 1925, he received Extreme-Unction, then, opening his eyes wide, fixed them smiling at a vision before him, he exclaimed: "Jesus! . . . I love You! . . . Mamma! . . ." and breathed his last in the arms of his mother of earth to go and join his "Mamma of Heaven."

His Holiness Pope Pius XI has received more than a million and a half signatures from children and adults begging him to hasten the beatification of Guy. The informative process to that effect was opened on March 27, 1932, and goes forward confidently.

Numerous favors have been attributed to this young servant of God: 244 Conversions; 742 cures, so pronounced by the Doctors in charge of those cases; 85,000 special graces obtained through his intercession. . . . May he become more and more the recruiting angel toward the sacerdotal and the religious life so that vocations trained in the knowledge and the love of Jesus Christ, numerous and worthy

youth may emulate the "Little Guy", thus realizing the prophetic words of saintly Pius X: "There will be Saints among children."



NOTICE

A Secretariate has been opened recently at the White Sisters' Convent, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey, in favor of Guy de Fontgalland's cause which is now introduced at Rome.

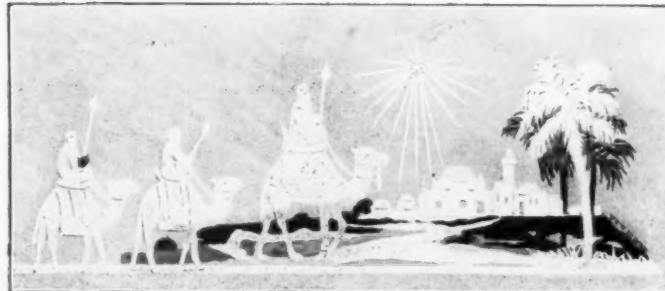
Relics, pictures and petitions asking the Holy Father for the beatification of this privileged child will be sent to any one who applies for them at the Convent.

Favors obtained through his intercession should be reported to the Secretariate where offerings are also received in behalf of the cause.

"Since therefore, none are to be considered so poor and naked, none so infirm or hungry or thirsty, as those who are deprived of the knowledge and grace of God, there is no one who does not see that mercy and a divine reward shall not be wanting to him who has shown mercy to the most needy of his fellows."

PIUS XI, The Pope of the Missions.

Christmas at Bamako



TOMORROW will be Christmas Day. Could we believe it at the sight of this pretty blue sky? trees loaded with fruit? flowers climbing along the walls and roses in bloom?

Yes, tomorrow will be Christmas, but Christmas in the Soudan.

The few hours between now and the midnight Mass will quickly go by. . . . At the evening Angelus, the bells ring merrily, then night comes, this night which so full of expectancy from many fervent hearts.

From diverse native quarters may be heard the sound of the tom-tom, whilst in the European sections, musical instruments of many kinds prepare us for a pleasant evening.

Half past eleven! The great bells peal forth their first and vibrant appeal to the villagers. We leave for church. The climate is mild, almost warm, it reminds us of a summer evening in the U. S. A., from the church steeple the hands of the clock point towards midnight.

On the porch a crowd of Negroes of all races and religion, are longing to see, to hear, to grasp something of the mystery of Christmas. The Christ Child will come and with His divine look, will choose the simple and steady souls able to answer the call of His divine Love.

Let us hope this Christmas eve shall be for many the first step towards conversion.

We enter the church. It is at its best; there are no costly ornaments but nature has provided us with beautiful flowers and plants; in a corner amongst the trees the crib has been set up.

A humble crib it is, that of our cathedral, but all is there; the donkey, the ox, the shepherds and the angels. In the interior, illuminated by electricity, are Saint Joseph and the Blessed Mother awaiting the coming of the Infant Child. The shepherds are humbly placed near the litter of straw.

The people crowd the church; the first seats are the Europeans who have come to do homage to the Christ Child.

The natives dressed in their long and flowing robes go

anywhere they please. It is a beautiful sight; such are the souls of these natives in the eyes of God. They are silent. It is a guard of honor to the little King who will soon come. "Hail Divine Messiah." The throng repeat the chorus, whilst the altar boys precede the sacristan who places the statue of the Infant Jesus in the crib.

Midnight . . . Whilst the clock strikes twelve, a Christmas Hymn is sung by the Congregation.

Then the Holy Sacrifice begins, three little Negroes sing the Introit; the natives participate in the divine office not only through their loud singing, but especially by receiving holy Communion; a moment so ardently desired by each when he may offer his love to the Divine Infant.

. . . Slowly and silently the groups retire. We stay with a few Negroes for the following Mass.

The children near us are sleeping, waiting for their parents; a little girl five years old, frail and delicate, leaves her mamma and on tip-toe approaches the crib where the Infant Jesus is sleeping; she stays in front of Him. What does she ask Him? Of what is she thinking?

She may be asking for a toy or a pretty doll. . . . Many letters have been placed at the school crib; Little Jesus will read them tonight. How will He answer His little friends? It is the secret of His love.

The second Mass being over we retire; a few Negroes are still in the church praying fervently. Christmas Day is quite peaceful and filled with happiness, the pagans say: "It is the feast of the Christians."

A touching ceremony ends the day, several catechumens receive the medal of the Blessed Virgin.

Thus ends the feast of Christmas, it seems that at this hour, Jesus and the Missionary are having an exchange; the latter is offering to the Divine Master the fruit of his long and patient work and Jesus is giving to His Apostle the joy of having led these souls to Him and the hope of a fruitful Apostolate.

SR. M. BERCHMANS.

A Confessor of Christ---The Sister of a Martyr

I WAS a young girl and still a catechumen in 1886.

My mother, and my brother Noe, already baptized, were living at Mityana, some sixty miles from Nalukolonga (Rubaga), the only station of Missionaries at this time.

Noe made pipes and clay jugs for the Count of Nukwenda, prefect of the province.

Mathias Mulumba, head of the men in the service of Mukwenda, taught us catechism. At the moment of his baptism, May 2, 1882, he had courageously sent his pagan wives back and had kept only Kikuvwa who had consented to "pray" as he did. He kept two children, Arsene and Julia. In his hut, near the chief's residence, he had erected a modest chapel of reeds, where he gathered those to whom he was teaching catechism.

One Sunday while Mathias and his friend Luc Barabakintu, were at the Capitol with Mukwenda, Noe was teaching catechism.

He took me on the side:

"Munaka," he said to me, "I see that you are a good girl. You keep God's commandments. You are a good worker and are very orderly. You pray well. But it is necessary that you understand better what the Fathers clearly explained to us on the eve of our Baptism. Becoming a Christian you must follow 'Our Savior' unto Calvary, even to a bloody death, if necessary. You know that the king, the Katikiro (his prime minister) and the lords live in a devilish manner, hostile to the morals of Jesus. It is easy to see that they would punish with death anyone who would dare to confess the faith. As it is, have you courage enough to remain faithful?"

"Certainly," I answered, "With the assistance of the Blessed Virgin. I even intend to have no other spouse than Jesus."

"Good! Who would fear death when he knows that death is to assure him of a glorious life in Heaven? And then the persecutors will have tried in vain, they will never be able to raise the blood of their victims."

Noe, on leaving me, told me that he was going to the village of Kiwanga where the chief had the office of shining the brass of the bayonets where Nukwenda reigned. He picked out a man who was going to the capitol to obtain, at the same time, news of Mathias and of Luc.

The next day, Monday, a crowd of armed men, commanded by Mbugana, invaded Kwange. By order of

Katikiro, the blood-thirsty Mukasa, prefect of the province, set out to seize and put to death any one who would persist to profess the religion of the Whites. They also had an order to pillage Mathias' house and to capture his wife and children.

Noe having been overcome by them, was obliged to say that he was a Christian and when he would not deny his faith, the men pierced him with their swords and threw his body by the road to frighten the "praying people".

Sometime after their crime, Mbugano and his men ran to Mityana. While my mother and I were working in a banana patch, they surprised us. At the sight of the swords and hearing the noise, my mother fled. Seeing that I remained motionless, she cried to me:

"Save yourself!"

"And why?" I replied. "I promised Noe that I wouldn't fear death. Besides, the Blessed Virgin is protecting me."

What a marvelous thing! The murderers passed near without noticing me.

Where has the young girl, who was here a moment ago hid herself?" they asked angrily.

Without doubt the good Virgin to whom I had confided myself had covered me with her maternal protection.

The angry men went after my mother.

As for myself, strengthened by the visible protection of Mary, fortified by the grace of Jesus and desirous to confess my faith, I decided to go to the chief's residence.

I found the prisoners there. My mother, Kikuvwa, Mathias' wife with his children, Arsene and Julia.

"They have killed Mathias and Luc!" they told me in tears.

"Then let them kill me also,"

I cried, "I am a Christian, same as they."

"We haven't any orders to execute women and children!" Mbugana responded.

And he ordered the men to tie my hands.

I comforted Mathias' wife and children, disturbed about Noe.

During the night my mother succeeded to get off the handcuffs and she fled to a pagan's house, who hid her. She was to join us later at Nalukolonga, where she was baptized under the name of Valeria.

Tuesday morning, Mbugana made us follow the road to Mengo, the capital.

Alas, on reaching the top of Kiwanga, I recognized



Noe's body on the side of the road. I fell on my knees and in tears said:

"Let them kill me! I also am praying."

Then Kikuvwa, bending towards me said in a low voice: "My girl, keep quiet, if they were to kill you here, who would baptize you? We all have our hands tied! And then God doesn't ask that we look for death; we must remain firm in our faith and courageously support our fate. . . . If all the prayerful people were dead, who would be left to instruct the pagans?"

I was surprised to hear Kikuvwa, still a catechumen, speaking so wisely. Certainly from the height of heaven, the martyr spouse inspired him with these words.

Wednesday evening we came together at the capitol exhausted by hunger, thirst, and the long walk of sixty miles.

Mbugana kept us under guard.

During the night, Arsene succeeded to escape and

reached the Missionary House where he told of our misfortune to Father Lourdel.

The Missionaries asked the noble and courageous Christian, Aloys Ssenkima to negotiate our "ransom with Mbugana who had decided to guard me as a spouse. But the good Virgin again intervened and we arrived happily at the Father's house.

At the end of a few months of instruction, I was baptized.

Under the name of Mary that I had chosen out of gratitude, for the Mother of God, Mapera (Father Lourdel) joined that of Mathilde.

Then he confided to me the case of 40 orphans that he had already been able to buy saying: "For love of Jesus, you have renounced honor and joys of maternity. Here is a numerous family that He has reserved for you, near which you will find still more honor and glory."

Hark to the Call!

A Prompt Answer Urgent



The plains of Cheliff, the northern part of Africa, were visited by a violent earthquake, during the night of the sixth of September. The preceding evening a slight tremor was felt and at three-forty A.M. the crash came.

The surrounding villages were severely shaken; that of Carnot was almost destroyed.

St. Elizabeth's Hospital, the first built by Cardinal Lavigerie, to care for the poor Arabs and revered by the Congregation as an old and friendly home, was totally destroyed.

The Sisters and patients were awoken by the violent tremors, they were frightened by the terrible cracklings they heard, walls fell apart, ceilings gave way, the plaster fell in masses on the floor. However the sick were carried out without any mishap. The following day they were busy putting up tents to provide shelters for all. Later huts were built to take the place of the tents.

The Sisters' apartments have been destroyed, several have been obliged to take refuge at the Mother House.

Winter is coming as severe in Africa as in America, the poor Africans felt the cold very badly, therefore let us loosen our purse and share what we have with those who have lost all that God had provided for them.

DEAR READERS who helped and encouraged us in the past and who are protected from violent earthquakes, out of gratitude to Almighty God kindly GIVE a helping to rebuild a home for the Sisters which is also a hospital for the Poor Africans.

